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IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

To life worth living? Ask the lad

lured from his home, starved, ill clad,

and hear the answer you will get.

"My dog, my cat, my horse—my life."

"It is not life, it is a mere show."

To life worth living? Ask the wretch

upon the gallows doomed to stretch.

The hangman will tell you the story:

"It is not life, it is a mere show."

To life worth living? Ask the dute

Whom old Dame Nature somehow spewed.

And see him suckle his cane and say:

"Aw—aw—life is a—qu—qu—qu."

To life worth living? Ask the fool,

The grinning man den fresh from school,

The toiler, the rival of the slave;

Of life, sweet life, they ever crave.

To life worth living? Ask the wise

Philosopher who vainly tries

To solve the mystery about

The matter and—remains in doubt.

To life worth living? Ask the great,

The innumerable, the kings in state,

And in despair they shriek: "No! no!"

—H. C. Lodge, in Detroit Free Press.

A SHADOW OF DEATH.

A Weird and Pathetic Tale of the

"Corrida de Toros."

"I am a native of Leon. My father

was a 'contrabandista,' and smuggled

acres into France over remote and

secret passes of the Pyrenees. We

were very proud of our sleek, handsome,

smooth bulls. We made large sums

of money, but we also ran great risks

of detection and imprisonment. I hated

the business, so once when we were

crossing one of the passes I ran away.

For days I wandered about, until I

reached a large city full of white, clean

buildings, which told me was San

Sebastian. I asked if there was a 'cor-

rida de toros' (bull ring) there, and

was told there was I made my way

to the place, saw the manager, and

told him my story and my desire to be

a bull-fighter.

"At one time there used to be a good

school there for training bull-fighters.

After various preliminaries I was ad-

mitted, and found some twenty or

thirty other young men who were

going through the training, for

'chulos.' The great favorite of the

school was a young 'espada' named

Fernando Nunez, as handsome and as

graceful a creature as the dear God

ever made. He was also pleasant,

always kindly, and of a cheerful

and a smile for each one of us, and

was the idol of the whole school. He

was very young, perhaps the youngest

'espada' that was ever seen in the

arena.

The bull ring of San Sebastian

stands—or used to stand—on a long,

sandy stretch of plain on the other side

of the railway line. It was a large

wooden amphitheater, and the pens for

the bulls were quite apart, but con-

nected with the arena by a long, dark

passage, through which the bulls were

driven into the ring. For three

or four hours every day we practiced

jumping and vaulting in the arena,

playing with the lasso and bulls with

tipped horns.

"There was to be a great bull-fight

on the feast of San Sebastian, and

Nunez was to try his skill there for the

first time in his capacity of 'espada.' He

was considered by the authorities

the rising star as a bull-fighter, and

almost equal to Montes in point of

courage, daring and dexterity. He

was always very kind to me, and rather

checked me out from my comrades to

THE "OLL MAN."

The Peculiar Habits of a Naturalist's

Orate.

Because of his bald and shiny head,

his solemn, wrinkled and melancholy

viage, his air of profound gravity

and Senatorial wisdom, we got to call-

ing him the Oll Man, and forgot to

give him any Christian name. A thin

growth of black hair grew straight

up the back of his head and over the

crowns, making, in certain lights, a per-

fect halo around his bald, brown pate,

reminding one rather forcibly of cer-

tain pictures by the old masters. I

measured him for the first time. On

October 15th, in spite of his vigorous op-

position, and found that his height was

5' 3 1/2 inches, extent of arms, 34 1/2

inches, and his weight 102 pounds.

His body was short and thick, and

like all oranges, his arms were so long

and his legs so short, that by stoop-

ing forward a little his hands easily

reached the ground. In walking, he

invariably went on all fours, placing

the tips of his fingers and ball of the

thumb, instead of the palm, upon the

ground, and he also turned his toes

under. His gait on the ground was

very much like that of a man going

on crutches, and he was very slow.

The ground he moved slowly, seem-

ing quite out of his element, but his

feats in climbing, and his performances

on the scaffolds, were highly enter-

prising. He was fresh from the jungle

when brought to me, but I soon dis-

covered him that his intentions were

honorable and slowly gained his con-

fidence. For three or four days he

did not allow me to hold him in my

arms, but I was very soon able to

hold him with my arms, and he was

very much pleased. He was very

kind, and he was very much pleased

to be held in my arms, and he was

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THE GUARD AT GARFIELD'S TOMB.

(Cleveland Cor. Philadelphia Times.)

Garfield's tomb has not been guard-

ed by the military for four years.

The detachment of soldiers which

was ordered to mount guard on the

iron gates and prevent a despoil-

ment of the remains, has never been

renewed, and never really feared is still

there. Nightly the sentinel strides back

and forth, a curiosity to scream off in

the trees and a fatal and an unces-

sary warning to the agents of medi-

cal colleges, whose students of dead

presidents. Not long ago a story was in cir-

culation that one of the soldiers on guard

in Lake View cemetery had become

insane and had been sent to the gov-

ernment asylum at Washington. The

story has been verified, and the

tomb nothing can be learned of the

affair, which is clouded in mys-

tery.

Awaiting the construction of

Garfield's monument, the remains of

Ohio's favorite son rest in the Sco-

field vault, half a mile from the site

selected for the monument. Gar-

field's coffin is in plain sight of all

who pass along the principal road-

way of the cemetery. The casket

rests about two feet from the floor,

presenting a side view to the outside

world. Looped and tasseled drapery











